

New Guinea

January 30, 1945

My darling Mama:

This shall be just a short letter tonight as it is late. I've just returned from a hospital some twenty miles where we visited an officer who has arthritis. He is C.O. of an Ammo Co. with whom we came overseas and has been recently – The week – evacuated from Leyte where he went in an D-Day. I have talked to several who were there, and many and varied are the tales I've heard – Charley Hall's [illegible] - the first Cavalry did well – the Division which we were under last April did terribly poor & the Division Commander was relieved – I think perhaps some of the units over here wouldn't last long against the Germans. As is true elsewhere, artillery is winning the war over here – The Japs had practically none on Leyte. This officer said that one valley was so well covered by artillery that every assembly of two or more Japs was blasted. This officer is a double for James Russel – has the same dash about him – only is calmer and has a scheming – appraising look about him. He looked very emancipated

Well, days are passing swiftly, and rather pleasantly. I am eating heartily, and have a whole lot more energy than I did (that sounds as if I had been ill – excepting the [illegible] which I had last March, I've never been ill of near ill in any respect)

You mentioned in today's letter that Mrs. Bert believed my leave would harm my chances for [illegible] rotation – or rather delay them. Please tell her that as a damned civilian with no children in the war, she shouldn't go around so talking to people who do have. It will not affect my rotation in the least. Damn, but a remark like that makes me mad.

I'm hungry tonight and the cupboard is bare – as of the 18th of January, the date of your last letter, you weren't receiving many of my letters. I don't know what's gotten into the mail – I suppose a heavy demand on transportation has affected it – Since 6th of this month I've averaged – including v-mail – 4 letters a week.

Our new quarters are coming along nicely. There is very little to complain about our living conditions over here – excepting Australia, one wouldn't find them better in this weather.

Tomorrow night I am going to talk to the men on the G.I Bill of Rights

Mama do not become too discouraged over the war – (that is certainly a trite remark) I am sorry that you thought my health was poor & I know my letters were the cause of it. But it was all a big mistake I am & have been in perfect health – I never thought about my health more than when I was teaching school – as working is going to school. As I've mentioned before, we'll be here for five or six months yet.

It rains without – I am going to take a shower – instead of turning on the water I think I'll just stand in the rain

Well good night my mama. You will never know how much I love & adore you. You are the best mama that anyone could possibly have and someday I shall be home again and we shall talk & talk and drink a little beer – and I shall eat a good bit.

Your ever loving son,

John M. Harrod